

Chapter 4

THE FINAL EXODUS

Around the turn of the century the new generation began to grow up and seek for places to settle. The population was getting past the saturation point again and as the church had always been on the look out for new places to settle, church members thought but little of giving up what one had already accumulated and going to a new place.

At this point the White River country in Nevada was getting a great deal of publicity. A group from St. George went out and with them went George Burgess, one of the more prosperous farmers in the valley, and his family of grown children. Among them his son, Ted, who had married Emily Jeffry, a daughter of one of the town's first shoemakers, also his three daughters, Alice, Ruth and Ella who had married Alonzo and David Gardner and Orin Snow respectively. Emily's sister, Caroline (Carrie) and her husband Henry Jacobson, Arthur Bracken, oldest son of Bennet, George and Amos Gardner also joined the caravan. Shortly the Jacobsons and Brackens returned to continue to live in Pine Valley. The others remained to help settle Lund, Nevada.

Shortly after, "Bench" Burgess sold his place to Henry Holt of Holt's ranch and moved with his large family to a new district he had heard of in Idaho, and Orlando Bracken moved his family to the new town of Roosevelt in Uintah.

Although every foot of ground relinquished by those leaving was hastily grabbed up by the ones remaining, it left a feeling of loneliness and many began to think of other places to make their homes. The social

gatherings felt keenly the loss of the gay spirit of "Lan" and the leadership of Uncle William. The young people felt a hollow in their "crowd."

New projects in irrigation were opening up all over the west and dry farming was proving very successful in some places of the state which gave new impetus to the yen for more land. The "Eight Mile Flat" a large level spot at the foot of the mountains to the west had often been spoken of as a possibility for expansion. About 1906 Henry Holt and the Bracken brothers went down to explore the possibilities. The idea was to transfer the water rights held on the Santa Clara Creek to the land below. Sell Bracken, the pseudo artist, dentist and doctor, now demonstrated his ability as an engineer. He surveyed the canal line with a spirit level, a compass, and a few things which he called "thing-a-ma-jigs" of his own invention, and it was successful. In 1909 he, his brother William, his brother-in-law Robert Gray, Bennet's three sons Arthur, Wallace and Lawrence and daughter, Emma, who had married Peter Beckstrom, moved down and began pioneering of the town which they named Central. This created such a vacancy that the town was never the same again.

About this same time the Gardner brothers, Royal, R.B., Ozro and Reuben with their brother-in-law, Frank Snow were investigating the new possibilities in New Castle north of Pinto, and in what is now the town of Delta. In both places they took up homesteads, cleared brush and plowed. In the latter place they turned over the first ground ever plowed there. Eventually all

except Royal sold the New Castle ground, but later both Royal and Ozro turned their Delta places to their sons who became some of the pioneers of the town and in their latter years both built homes and remained there to the end of their lives.

In 1910 John A. and Celestia Snow Gardner moved to Logan to be near their older children who had gone there to college then married and settled down. Five years later R.B. Gardner moved to Cedar City to put his older children in high school and college and was followed by his brother Nathaniel for the same reason. That same year Edgar Whipple sold his farm and took his family to Logandale, Nevada. His oldest daughter Mary or "Mame" had married Angus Gardner, youngest son of Robert, a few years before and had moved with his sister Rhoda and her husband, Fred Harrison of Pinto, to Lovell, Wyoming which

was just being settled.

The marriage of Angus and Mame marked an interesting point in the history of marriages in the village. Up to that time there had been hardly a marriage in the valley for forty years that had not been between two local people except three from Pinto; thirty years were to elapse before another was to take place between two natives. This odd situation can be traced to two reasons; one that the close intermarriage of the second generation had made most of the third generation cousins or double cousins; the other reason was the innate love of education that characterized the Mormons, particularly the ones in Pine Valley. This can best be illustrated by the following pictures, the ones listed who have become distinguished in professional fields and the chapter on school.



Bill Snow, bishop at Cedar City, (standing in the sun) says the blessing just prior to the serving of the

hot venison steaks to over ninety people seated at the tree-shaded tables.



Willard Gardner



Maj. Gen. Grandison Gardner



Eugene H. Gardner Phd.



Eldon J. Gardner Phd.



Rodney H. Snow M.D.



Willard Sargent M.D.



Spencer Snow M.D.



Clarence S. Gardner M.D.



President Reed Whipple

WILLARD GARDNER PHD.

Son of John A. and Celestia Snow Gardner of Pine Valley. His academic career began in a combination chapel-school built by the pioneers of Pine Valley, Utah, and ended with a B.S. degree from the Agriculture College in Logan, and a Master's and Doctorate from Berkeley in physics in 1916.

He has served as principal at Murdock Academy at Beaver, professor of physics and mathematics at Brigham Young College in Logan, professor of physics at the Agriculture College and physicist for the Agricultural Experiment Station there.

He was cited by the American Society of Agronomists as the "Father of modern soil physics" in 1948, an honor he earned by years of work clarifying and applying the laws governing the movements of water in soils.

His picture hangs with those of five others in England's Rothamstead Agricultural Experiment Station as one of the distinguished contributors to soil science.

**MAJOR GENERAL
GRANDISON GARDNER**

Son of John A. and Celestia Snow Gardner of Pine Valley. Like his brother Willard his academic career began in a combination chapel-school built by the pioneers of Pine Valley, Utah and ended with a B.S. degree in Mathematics and Physics from the Agriculture College in Logan, a Master of Science in Math from Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Cambridge, and a Major General in the U.S. Air Force in 1946. After joining the Air Force he held many high important positions where the United States was involved with European countries.

Under his direction, the technique of the "skip bombing" was perfected while he was in command at Eglin Field, Florida. It turned out to be the most illustrious command in the Air Force, with unlimited opportunity to be useful. He was one of the physicists that helped with the atomic bomb and was sent into the Pacific to help

with the technical part of the dropping of the bomb over Hiroshima.

He was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal, the Legion of Merit with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Honorary Commander of the Military Division of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, the World War I Victory Medal, the World War II Victory Medal and the Korean Victory Medal.

The following was taken from an article in the "Saturday Evening Post" Sept. 15, 1945; entitled "We Meet the Buzz Bomb Challenge."

"Grandison Gardner, Brig. Gen. Commanding at Elgin Field, a sooth-sayer on armament, with a poet's eye for sines and cosines and tangents; a convinced church goer, too fastidious to assault himself with tobacco or alcohol, too charitable to brandish naked the fist of authority; a scholarly general."

He died January 19, 1973 at the age of 80, and was buried at Arlington National Cemetery, Washington D.C., on January 23, 1973, with full military honors, although he had often said he would rather be buried in the Pine Valley Cemetery because that was the only place in the world that seemed like home to him.

EUGENE HILL GARDNER Phd.:

Son of John William and Cynthia Hill Gardner. Grandson of John A. and Celestia Snow Gardner. His picture was the first one placed in the USAC's Hall of Fame. The following was written about him at the time by Carlton M. Culmsee.

"When the portrait of a serious, sensitive young scientist is hung in Utah State Agricultural College's new Student Union building this fall, it will be a symbol to all alumni - and, indeed to all Americans - of the highest courage which human beings occasionally display.

This brilliant nuclear physicist only 37 at his death in 1950, was Dr. Eugene Gardner, formerly of Logan, whose important work in atomic research resulted inadvertently in his death.

The portrait was painted by Eugene Montgomery, and eastern artist. It will be the first in Utah State's new "Hall of Fame" in which the college will honor graduates who have contributed greatly to human welfare and progress.

ON MANHATTAN PROJECT

Dr. Gardner was educated at Utah State Agricultural College. He was senior class president and valedictorian in 1935, when he received his B.S. degree. He became an instructor in mathematics and physics at the college. Two years later he entered the University of California, Berkley, for graduate work in physics. He was associated with the Radiation Laboratory of that institution until his death except for one year when he returned to teach at Utah State.

In December 1941 he began research on what later became known as the Manhattan Project. During the course of an experiment for the "project" in 1942, he machined a piece of ceramic containing beryllium oxide and inhaled some of the fine dust that rose, unaware of the toxic nature of beryllium.

FIRST SYMPTOMS APPEAR

A Ph.D. degree was awarded him early in 1943. Shortly thereafter he was sent to Oak Ridge and then to Los Alamos to engage in atomic research. He and Dr. C.M.G. Lattes of Brazil discovered on photographic plates evidence of mesons produced by large cyclotron at the University of California, an important contribution to the fundamental nature of matter. Distinguished physicists have rated the discoveries among the most significant in the 20th Century physics.

About the time of his return to Berkley, the first symptoms of lung trouble became apparent. Neither he nor anyone else suspected the underlying cause. Only in the last few months of his life, after a long, drawn-out period of physical decline during which he continued his work as long as he had strength, was it diagnosed as berylliosis. He died Nov. 26, 1950.

Colleagues in the scientific world paid him

a tribute recently in Cenco News Chats as follows: "Dr. Eugene Gardner always won the affection, admiration and praise too, and we rank him among America's foremost scientists as a man of intellect, purpose, and utmost courage."

COURAGE IN DEATH

It is, thus, appropriate that the portrait of Dr. Gardner be the first to take its place in a room dedicated to preserving the memory and recording the achievements of outstanding alumni of U.S.A.C.

Other portraits will follow, in this "Hall of Fame". But students who are being educated in the best traditions of fine citizenry can do no better than to look at the contributions in his lifetime, and the courage in death, of Dr. Eugene Gardner, scientist, and defender of the nation.

DR. ELDON J. GARDNER

Son of John William and Cynthia Hill Gardner, and grandson of John A. and Celestia Snow Gardner of Pine Valley, Utah. He was educated in Logan, Utah where his father was County Attorney. After one year of college at U.S.A.C. he was called on a mission to California where he was district president for nearly a year and a half. On returning to Logan he re-entered college where he received a B.S. degree in zoology, principally genetics, then a Masters degree a year later. With a teaching assistantship and the Thompson scholarship he was able to return to Berkley to work for advanced degrees. During the next four years he experimented with the genetics of the Drosophila of the fruit fly. His thesis for his Ph.D. degree came from his experiments.

After spending several years teaching in a junior high school in California, he returned to Utah to become assistant professor of biology at the University of Utah where he continued his laboratory work of human genetics, and also that of the Drosophila of the fruit fly.

As he had always wanted to raise his family in Logan, when he was offered a full

professorship in zoology at the U.S.A.C., he returned there and moved his family into the same home where he had been raised. For several years he continued his work in human genetics, principally cancer, and received several grants from the American Cancer Society and the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for research.

Feeling that he should make some definite contribution to his profession before he became too old, he decided to write a text book on genetics. The book was published in 1960 and revised in 1964 and retranslated into Spanish. It was one of the great successes of his career. One hundred and fifty universities used the English edition, the third edition was published in 1965 his History of Biology, which he had written previously, was also revised. April of 1967 Eldon was appointed Dean of the Graduate School of Utah State University. In this position Eldon put the Graduate School on its feet and straightened out its objectives which had been indefinite up to this point.

He was appointed to a vast number of positions in education and research in organizations traveling internationally to many of these conventions.

During his entire life he allowed nothing to interfere with his work in the L.D.S. Church where he perpetually held important positions.

He was semi-retired in 1974. He was allowed to teach three classes during winter quarter for five years, so he was very busy with a huge class of 100 students in genetics.

There never was a man with such ambitions to work. Fearing he might be out of something to do, he set up some research in problems of human genetics having to do with the genetics of cancer. In this he could get some funding from cancer institutes and other sources. He was connected with several projects and had more to do than ever before. To find the answer to some of the unusual cell-growth which is cancer had all absorbing interest to him. He became connected with the Exceptional Child Center

at Utah State University and helped to set up the laboratory to study the genetic makeup of mentally retarded children and other types of unusual children. He also worked with the University of Utah Medical School in cancer research.

When friends asked how he was enjoying his retirement he remarked in his wryly humorous way, "Just fine. I'm employed 135% of my time. And this was an actual fact.

Eldon was the first scientist to describe a combination of medical conditions occurring together, polyps of the intestine, osteomas (bone tumors), and soft tissue tumors (usually epidermoid inclusion cysts). This is now called Gardner's Syndrome, and is described in almost every modern textbook on internal medicine.

RODNEY HARRISON SNOW M.D.

Son of Frank and Effie May Harrison Snow of Pine Valley. He was in the army at Camp Kearny, California during World War I and was placed in the Medical Corp where he became interested in medicine. After returning from the army he graduated from Dixie Jr. College in the field of biology, and went to the University of Utah to get his B.S. degree. While at the University he was given an assistanceship in the bacteriology lab where he became so efficient that he was hired by the Wasatch Laboratory in the Medical Arts Building downtown Salt Lake, where he remained for ten years. His ambition had always been to become a doctor, so sacrificing all the property he had acquired while in Salt Lake, he went to Northwestern University in Ill. where he was granted an M.D. degree in the spring of 1934.

After a year of internship in the county hospital of Los Angeles, he set up a private practice in Santa Monica, Calif. where he practiced for the remainder of his life. He became one of the most sought after doctors in that area, and was an outstandingly successful surgeon. For a number of years he was chief of staff at the well known St.

John's Hospital. He took care of all the Mormon missionaries in that area free gratis.

At one point he returned home where he saved the lives of two women in the old McGregor Hospital in St. George. One of them was his sister.

The following tribute given by one of his friends at his funeral gives an excellent discription of the kind of person he was:

"He always listened to everyone's story
Never thinking of fame, fortune or glory
Treating all his patients with loving care
Whether or not they could pay the fare.

Often his quiet, kind and gentle way
Made all the difference in a cloudy day
And somehow he managed to make us smile
Though he had carried our fears quite a while.

Now we ask the Divine Physician above
To greet our doctor with arms outstretched in love
Give him the heavenly rest he so deserves
And help those who loved him strengthen their reserve.

WILLARD SARGENT M.D.

Son of William P. and Maria Snow Sargent of Pine Valley was born in Panguitch after his parents moved there. His father was one of the most important teachers that ever taught in Pine Valley, and had some very brilliant children. Willard was student body president when he attended the B.A.C. in Cedar City. While attending John Hopkins in Baltimore he was the high honor student for 3 years. At that time they were constructing a new building on the campus and named it "The Sargent Building." He was stationed in one of the Pacific Islands in the Navy during World War II. When not doing medical work for the Navy he spent his spare time doing medical work, free gratis for the natives there. Because of this an island in the Pacific was named for him.

SPENCER SNOW M.D.

Son of Frank and Effie May Harrison Snow of Pine Valley. He was an A student up to the time of his father's death when he was ten years old, after which he was given so much responsibility helping care for the farm and cattle that he lost interest in school. As a result of his lack of back ground in school his high school experience was difficult. After making up his mind to go on in school, by extra effort, he successfully finished high school and went through Dixie College. From there he transferred to the University of Utah where he registered in pre-medics. During the summers he secured employment at Bryce Canyon leading tourists through the canyon on horseback, his boyhood experience having made him a skillfull horseman.

While at the University he lived with his brother Rodney when he decided to go into medicine. After graduating from the University he went to Rush Medical School in Chicago where he gained his M.D. degree. He returned to Salt Lake where he interned at the Salt Lake County Hospital.

He practised first at Cedar City for a few years with Dr. M.J. Macfarlane, and from there he went to San Francisco for an extra year of training. He set up a practise in Salt Lake for a few years then decided to specialize in pediatrics. This was a wise thing to do because he got along especially well with small children. He went to Philadelphia where he gained his training.

He returned to Salt Lake where he practised pediatrics for forty years. During that forty years he cared for babies, who grew up, then they later brought their babies back to him. During his later years he was caring for the grandchildren in many many families. During these years he took his turn with other doctors being president of both the Latter-day Saint Hospital staff, and the Primary Children's Hospital.

Upon his retirement his fellow physicians accorded him the distinction of being the outstanding pediatrician of Salt Lake for all those years.

He was called on a mission to the Mormon Battalion Visiting Center in San Diego, California, and was just preparing to go when he had suffered a massive heart attack which prevented his going.

CLARENCE SNOW GARDNER M.D.

Son of Reuben and Lucy Snow Gardner was born and raised in Pine Valley where he completed his elementary education then went to the B. Y. U. for two years. Then he returned to Pine Valley where he taught school. Next he went on a mission to Switzerland from 1903 to 1906. Upon returning from his mission he married Mary Beasley then went to St. George where he taught school for a year. Then in 1909 he went to Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia and graduated in 1913. He interned in New York City. He started to practice medicine in Kaysville in 1914. In 1917 he joined the army as a First Lieutenant. Later on he was promoted to a Captain and then a Major. He returned to America in 1919, then again studied Medicine at John Hopkins in Philadelphia. Upon his return he practiced in Farmington, Utah Then went to San Landro, Calif. Later he moved to Oakland until he died. He was one of the first young men in Southern Utah who followed in the footsteps of the illustrious Dr. George W. Middleton who was the first man to practice medicine in this area. Clarence and Dr. Menzies J. Macfarlane went together to get their M.D. degrees. While in Oakland he helped care for his cousin, Eugene Hill Gardner who was dying of beryllosis.

PRESIDENT REED WHIPPLE

A son of Edgar and Jane Cooper Whipple

was born in Pine Valley and spent his boyhood here. While he was still in elementary school his family moved to Logandale, Nevada, he later went to Las Vegas seeking employment where he secured a position in a bank and remained in its employ for the remainder of his business life rising from his first position to the presidency of the institution.

He was active in civic affairs and helped to guide the growth of the small town of Las Vegas to the world wide position it holds today. He was a member of the city council for twenty years and was urged to run for the position of mayor but declined because the work would conflict with his work as a church scout leader, plus his positions of bishop and stake president, both of which he worked in for many years. During his church services he saw the church grow from one ward to several of the largest stakes in the entire L.D.S. church and assisted in the building of ten new chapels.

About the time he was released from the position of stake president for the last time there was a need for still another chapel. All the stakes united and announced a celebration which they called "Reed Whipple Day" and said it was to do him honor as well as to collect funds for the new chapel. It was most rewarding day, people from far and wide crowded to the event to show him honor. In the one day \$20,000 was raised for the chapel, many were not church members but were pleased to contribute.

He was given but a short vacation after being released from the stake presidency until he was called to be president of the St. George Temple, a position he held for many years.



Pres. Glenn E. Snow



Pres. David P. Gardner Phd.



R.J. Snow Phd.



Pres. Jeffery Holland Phd.



JoAnn Lockett M.S.



Ralph Gardner B.S.



James B. Jacobson



Norvel Bracken



William J. Snow Phd.

GLENN E. SNOW

A son of Joseph S., and Olive Bleak Snow was not a native of Pine Valley but has spent much of his life here. He graduated from Dixie College where he was student body president one year, showing while yet young the ability he was to have that would make him an executive in many prestigious places. He took his bachelor's degree from the University of Utah and taught in high school for a few years in Washington County then became a principal in Alamo, Nevada, from which position he returned to the U. of U. for his master's degree. He next became principal of the Hurricane High School and then of the Parowan high school until he was chosen President of Dixie College in St. George. During all these years he was an active member of the Utah Education Association and was elected president of it. From this position he became well known in the National Education Association and was chosen as a member of the executive committee in 1943, the first person from west of the Mississippi River to ever be chosen to this position. Members of the Association were so favorably impressed by his ability that four years later he was chosen as its president. From this position he was persuaded to join the N.E.A. staff as Secretary of Lay Relations which meant that he must resign from Dixie College and move to Washington D.C. He remained in the position for fifteen years until he reached retirement age then returned to Pine Valley where, as stated above, he was made president of the Pine Valley summer church group and made important improvements in the chapel here.

DR. DAVID P. GARDNER

Son of Reed Gardner, who was raised in Pine Valley, was made president of the University of Utah in August of 1971. Dr. Gardner's father accepted a position as a banker in Berkeley, California just as he was released from an L.D.S. mission to that state and remained there until retirement, as a result Dr. Gardner was born in California

but returned to Utah frequently to live with relatives during his vacations. He well remembers thinning sugar beets on the farm, in Delta, Utah, which belonged to his Uncle Archie, a former state legislator from Millard County.

As his father and mother, the former Margaret Pierpont of Provo, were both graduated from the B.Y.U. he returned there to school where he received his Bachelors Degree in 1955, and his Master's and Doctorate Degree from the University of California at Berkeley in 1956 respectively.

He has risen rapidly through a number of administrative posts since joining the University of California system as field and scholarship director for the Alumni Association in 1960.

After serving in this position until 1964 he went to the University of California at Santa Barbara where he served as first assistant to the Chancellor and then as vice chancellor.

Dr. Gardner has been credited with being largely responsible for resolving the student riots and disturbances that occurred on the Santa Barbara campus when a bank was burned.

Since serving at the University of Utah Dr. Gardner's work has been widely appreciated. At one point he was given a brief leave of absence to attend an Educational Convention in England while the state of California offered him a much more prestigious position as head of all the combined universities in their state, a position he did not accept which he said was for personal reasons one of them was that his aging father, who had moved to Salt Lake, was being cared for by the University Hospital Staff.

DR. R.J. SNOW

Son of Glenn E. and Laura Gardner Snow, had the good fortune to spend the summers of his boyhood in Pine Valley. He graduated from Dixie College in St. George where his father was president. While there he was student body president. He took his Bachelor's and Master's degrees from the University of Utah and his Phd. from

Northwestern University, at Evanston Ill., then spent another year doing post Phd. work at Eugene, Oregon.

After serving a mission in France he spent some time teaching foreign students at Bordeaux, France and U.S. service men in Frankfort, Germany.

On his return to the U.S. he became a professor of Political Science at the University of California in Santa Barbara.

When Dr. David Gardner moved from Santa Barbara to the University of Utah R.J. came with him, where he has been Vice President of Public Relations to the present time. He has a most pleasing personality and can get along with everyone. I don't think he has an enemy on the earth.

JEFFREY ROY HOLLAND PHD.

A native of St. George, Utah was the son of Frank and Alice Bently Holland whose mother, Nora Snow, was raised in Pine Valley. After graduating from Dixie High School he attended Dixie Junior College for one year after which he left for a mission to the British Isles for the L.D.S. Church. After returning from his mission, he graduated from Dixie Junior College. Two years later he received a B.S. degree from the B.Y.U. in history graduating with highest honors, and a year later received a Masters Degree in Religious Education. After that he went to Yale where he received a second Masters Degree and a Phd. in American Studies, doing four years work in three years.

After returning home he taught in the Institute program in Hayward, California, was director of Institute of Religion at Washington State University in Seattle, and taught in the Institute program at Hartford, Connecticut, and Salt Lake City.

In 1972 he was made director of the Melchizedek Priesthood M.I.A. program for the L.D.S. Church. In 1974 he was appointed Dean of Religious Education at B.Y.U..

On April 15, 1976 he was appointed Commissioner of Education for the L.D.S. Church which included supervision of B.Y.U., and B.Y.U. Hawaii, Ricks College,

Seminaries and Institutes and other projects enrolling approximately three hundred and fifty thousand students around the world.

May 9th. 1980 he was called to be the President of the B.Y.U. to succeed Dallin Oaks to be effective August 1, 1981.

JOANN LOCKETT MS.

Daughter of Fred and Virginia Snow Lockett and granddaughter of Frank and Effie Snow of Pine Valley. While taking secretarial training a major professor told her she was doing bicycle work with an airplane mind, on his advise she changed her major to mathematics and graduated from U.C.L.A. in 1961 with a B.A. in that field. She went to work for the Rand Corporation, the country's first "Think Tank," as a mathematician. Initially, she worked on several problems dealing with missiles and satellite trajectories. Later she worked with one of the leading mathematicians in the country developing techniques to solve equations which previously could only be solved theoretically. These techniques were programmed for computers and applied practical problems found in chemotherapy and various areas of physics. She wrote several papers on these techniques and later co-authored a book on the subject. The book is "Numerical Inversion of the LaPlace Transform," published by Elsevier.

Later she co-authored a text book which used common puzzles such as the "cannibals and missionaries" and "the water jug" to teach advanced mathematical techniques. The book was "Algorithms, Graphs, and Computers," and was published by Academic Press, which has been translated to Japanese and published in Japan.

She then got a Master of Science in Computer Science (summa cumlaude) and began doing research on methods for measuring and analyzing the performance of large computer systems. She spent time assisting various government groups by advising them on how to use their computers and how to run their computer installations more effectively. During this time she

traveled to many of the large cities, states and countries as New York City, and the Pentagon where she was funded to work on various Department of Defense contracts to work on various problems dealing with computer science, such as Performance Analysis, Software Engineering, Data Management, and Communications.

She has written and published many papers and reports and has given numerous talks at both local and international conferences. She has been a member of many professional societies and has held several offices in them and has organized conferences.

After seventeen years with Rand, growing weary of traveling, she left to work at Xerox Corporation where she has spent the past two years during which she has participated in a design and development of a computer-based laser printer.

RALPH GARDNER B.S.

Son of Nathaniel and Rose Bracken Gardner of Pine Valley. His family moved to Cedar when he was young, there he graduated from the B.A.C. then went to Logan where he was voted the most popular man on campus, which doesn't surprise anyone who ever knew him. He was outstanding in athletics and was a member of the famous Aggie Basket Ball Team that nearly made the Olympics. They went to New York where they were beaten once. After graduation the whole team was hired by the Autler's Hotel in Colorado Springs. He stayed and made his home there where he has his own Real Estate business. His 8 children all have college degrees. He has been outstanding in church work, has been both a bishop and stake president. At present he and his wife are on a mission in Mesa, Arizona.

JAMES B. JACOBSON

James B. Jacobson is a son of James P. Jacobson and a grandson of James and Sarah Legg Jacobson, although a native of San Francisco he spent some of his childhood vacations in Pine Valley with his

grandparents and is pleased to claim his Pine Valley connections.

He graduated Magna Cum Laude from the University of California at Los Angeles and later took a degree of M.B.A. in finance from the University of Southern California. After college he joined the Prudential Insurance Company of America one of the most important companies of its kind in the nation where he held various sales, administrative and executive positions in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Newark, N.J.. He became senior Vice President in charge of Prudential's group insurance operations in 1970, three years later he was made President of Western Operations of the company with headquarters in Los Angeles where he now lives. Over the years he has held many civic, cultural and educational positions as well as being an active member of the L.D.S. Church.

It is of interest to Pine Valley natives that he and his brother, Ronald, are the parents of the only lineal descendants of the family that bear the Jacobson name. The original Pioneer, Peter Jacobson, had three sons, James, Henry and Hyrum. James married and had four sons, only James, his oldest son, had any children; Henry had just one child, a son who died young but left three sons two of which married but had no children though they both adopted sons; Hyrum had just three daughters and only one of which had children, Partha, had ten children and has many grandchildren but naturally do not carry the Jacobson name.

NORVEL BRACKEN

Son of Marcelus "Sell" and Janet McMurtrie Bracken of Pine Valley.

Dear Mr. Bracken,

"It is a pleasure to inform you that you have been designated by your Soil Conservation District Governing Body as outstanding in the farmer-rancher category in your district. Congratulations." This is one of many honors that came to Norvel Bracken for his outstanding farm practices and management. Most of the farm tours of the

area have included the Bracken Farm.

Norvel Bracken was born September 4, 1899, in Pine Valley, Utah. His experience in farming began at an early age. When he was about nine years old the Bracken family moved from Pine Valley to what was known as Eight Mile Flat to pioneer the settlement of what now is known as Central, Utah. A short time later the mother of this family of nine children, one a new-born baby, passed away leaving a broken-hearted husband with a house full of motherless children. The boys assumed the burden of taking care of the farm.

After his marriage Norvel realized the impossibility of any expansion on the small acreage in Central so in the spring of 1936 he and a brother-in-law leased the Ivins Ranch which is located between Enterprise and New Castle, and at that time was owned by Antoine, Stanley, and Grant Ivins of Salt Lake City, Utah.

Five years later the ranch was sold and Norvel and family moved to the Sevy Ranch farther down in the Escalante Valley. After a year of management and hard labor he resolved to get into business for himself. It so happened that while on Ivins Ranch he bought a small herd of cattle for which he must have grazing rights. In 1940 he purchased grazing rights from John C. Benson, along with eighty acres of land in the Enterprise area. A short time later he purchased some Enterprise Reservoir water shares, hoping that some day he would be able to develop the property.

In 1945 Norvel bought an adjoining tract of land of 45 acres with 301 shares of Capital Stock in the Enterprise Reservoir and Canal Company from William Staheli. He was now in business for himself, problems included. Underground water rights were acquired to supplement the reservoir water. Now concrete ditches were installed to conserve the precious water. Norvel always kept abreast with modern farm practices and introduced many of his own which he willingly shared with neighboring farmers.

The next addition to the farm was the

purchase of the adjoining 90 acre Raymond A. Staheli farm, with water well included. Of course machinery and equipment had to be purchased to keep up with the growth of the farm. Out of this process evolved a cycle of more land to justify the purchase of more machinery to take care of the land efficiently and satisfactorily.

It must be mentioned that the farm, since its early development, was a joint venture of Norvel and his son Sherwood. In February 1963 they purchased 160 acres of land with a good well from Mr. Zuckerman. It was designated as #10 and was located about one half mile from their other operation. However, two years later they purchased another 160 acres with a good well, designated as #7, adjacent to #10 and also adjoining to the other acreage. The Bracken farm now boasted 510 acres.

Because of ill health Norvel was obliged to refrain from the rigors of farm activities so in 1967 he sold his interest to his son, Sherwood, who has very successfully carried on the tradition of "Do it well, or not at all."

The challenge for progress ran high in Sherwood and in 1971 he purchased the adjacent property west of the original farm. This consisted of 80 acres of choice farmland with a good well, a small herd of cattle, along with pasture land and grazing rights. Surely this would be the end of expansion for a while but in 1972 another small adjoining farm of 45 acres with Enterprise Reservoir water rights came up for sale. For various reasons the purchase of this property was a must.

After all old machinery and fences were removed, old ditches filled in and leveled, and the sage brush and rabbit brush removed, sprinkler systems were installed to conserve water and alleviate the agony of day and night row irrigation.

It should be stated here that during his declining years one of Norvel's greatest pleasures was a tour of the farm and among the cattle grazing in the lush green pastures. He passed away October 24, 1976.

In 1978 a large parcel of property, located on the east side of highway 18 came up for sale and Sherwood was approached on buying it. With his progressive nature, energy, and integrity, the challenge was too great and the deal was made. This brought the acreage of the Bracken farms to 3,000 acres. Thirteen hundred acres are under cultivation and very productive in about equal acreage of hay, grain, and potatoes. The remaining acreage is grazing ground for the cattle.

Like father, like son. Sherwood has two sons involved in the business. His oldest son Lee is manager of Bracken Service & Supply, while his son Howard is involved in all activities of the farm, cattle, and trucking farm products. However, many trucklines are employed in hauling the bulk of the potato crop to markets he has established in Arizona, Nevada, and California.

At the present time Bracken Farms, Inc., has 30 employees. During the harvest seasons the employees number between 50 and 60 people.

The contributions of the men pictured here have been great, some have had national or even international impact; Eldon Gardner is in the forefront of cancer research, the influence of the two college presidents can hardly be measured; the lives saved and improved by the doctors are legion, but it was Norvel who did so much to upgrade life in the little town where he lived.

When he first moved to Enterprise life there was precarious for all depended on the vagaries of the weather, if there was water in the reservoir life could go on, but in drought years many were forced to go elsewhere to find work. When the R.E.A. brought electric power to the desert he was one of the first ones to begin raising potatoes on a commercial scale. He began hiring women and school children to work for him. The women sorted potatoes to earn Christmas money and to supplement their home needs. As his farm expanded many began to depend on him for much of their

income. At present near two dozen women sort potatoes from October to April earning enough to remodel their homes or make other dreams real; many school boys depend on him to pay their school expenses; the money paid to truckers annually by Bracken Farms for carrying the farm products to market runs between fifty and a hundred thousand dollars; that paid to the R.E.A. for power aids materially the general economy of the whole area.

When one of the middle aged couples of the village was called on an L.D.S. mission the man sold his garage. Bracken Farms purchased it and now makes a specialty of keeping farm machinery needs in stock, the constantly advancing new machinery used can be supplied by them for they have always been the ones to keep abreast of new machinery. The garage also keeps a number of full time employees.

The thing that has to be seen to be believed is the way the farms look, they show that they are run by perfectionists. In summer the potato patches look about like an exquisitely kept flower garden, no weed is to be seen, for a bevy of school boys is kept busy digging weeds, even the ditch banks and the edges are kept clean.

One of the greatest satisfactions seems to have been to buy a piece of run down property then see how it can be upgraded to match the rest of the farm. One piece was so cleaned up that in one year the potatoes raised almost paid for it. One piece included a scrawny herd of seventy head of cattle; immediately by investing in superior breeding stock, the herd was soon doubled, raised to pure bred Hereford quality. Nothing is wasted, the straw from the grain, the rained on hay, and the cull potatoes are fed to the cattle which keeps them in top shape.

The Bracken Farms and business have continued to expand, the 1980 potato crop was estimated at a hundred twenty-five thousand bags, the largest amount in the history of the endeavour, but though Norvel did not live to see the size of the present business, it was he who by sheer brain and

brown, began it. His footsteps in the sands of time are there to stay.

WILLIAM J. SNOW Phd.

Youngest son of, William Snow the pioneer, made perhaps the greatest contribution to education in the valley of any one who lived there. He was a gentle, kindly man, and one of the great scholars of his day. He wielded a great influence on his students and made them want to go on in school. He believed in knowledge for the sake of knowledge. He taught for eight years, after attending B.Y.U. for only one year, he was Superintendant of Schools in Washington County part time, he left a permanent influence with many of his pupils. Later he became a professor of history at the B.Y.U. and became one of the authorities in his chosen field of Western History. He was one of the few men of his generation to take a Phd. degree. He took his degree under the justly famous Dr. Herbert Bolten of Berkeley, who was one of his personal friends ever after. After he had been studying under Dr. Bolton for a time, the Doctor one day said, "Why did your university send you here to study that particular subject? You know more about it already than anyone here?" One summer the two of them spent their vacation together going back over the trail of Father Escalante from the Spanish Fork to Colorado, reading the famed diary of the priest as they went.

After he moved to Provo, many of his former students followed him there and went on to school at the B.Y.U.. Many southern Utah students have lived in his home while attending school. As he advanced in school himself, many young people from Pine Valley went on to school because they wanted to be like him.

SGT. LINDSAY JACOBSON

Son of the late Alma Jacobson and Eula Barton Jacobson, and grandson of Henry and Carrie Jacobson all of Pine Valley. He was with the 8th. Air Force in England. He

was a waist gunner on a B-17 of the 385th Bombardment Group. The Air Medal was awarded to him for his achievements in bombing attacks upon war plants in Germany and upon Nazi defense installations and communication lines in Western Europe.

THOSE WHO HAVE BECOME DISTINGUISHED IN PROFESSIONAL FIELDS

MEDICINE:

J. Scott Gardner, Roger Lewis Siddoway, John Randall Siddoway, Jan Stout, Camille Lloyd, Louis G. Moench, Mason Stout, Mike Whiting, James Gardner, Kenneth Schmutz, Gardner Schmutz, Stanford Bracken, Jay Snow, George Hanks, Rodney Hopkins, Morris D. Gardner, Harold Johnson.

PHARMACISTS:

Loril Kent Porter, Sheldon Dennis Holland, John T. Hopkins.

LAWYERS:

John W. Gardner, Pershing Nelson, Clayton Nelson, Royal Kaye Hunt, Spencer Snow Beckstrom, Charles Schmutz, John Spencer Snow, Kim Gardner, Melvin Whipple, Dean A. Gardner, Kent Gardner, Russell W. Rudd, Ronald Jacobson, Steven Jacobson, R.L. Gardner, Jerry Snow.

DENTISTS:

Clark B. Cox, Bruce Lloyd, Joseph Schmutz, Sherman Cox & Public Health Admin., Marlo Gardner, Curtis Lang.

C.P.A.:

Blaine Whipple, Dana May Schmutz, Dexter C. Snow, Douglas M. Cox, Eric Gardner, Lindsay K. Jacobson, Jay Lang, James Peter Jacobson, Philip Hopkins.

ARCHITECTS:

Kent Stout, L. Robert Gardner, E.J. Hopkins.

ENGINEERS:

John S. Lloyd, Ronald Whipple, Rulon B. Gardner, C. Douglas Gardner, Horace Gardner, Murry S. Gardner, D. Curtis Pollock, Lawrence Ashdown.

BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION:

Paul Gardner, Brent Snow, Jack Gardner Hopkins, Keith Williams, James B. Jacobson.

SUPT. OF SCHOOLS:

Ann Snow the only woman in the state of Utah to become a County Supt. of schools. - Preston R. Price.

UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS:

William J. Snow, John Hale Gardner, Gil Hilton, Willard Hale Gardner, Walter Hale Gardner, Marion Bentley, Herbert R. Gardner, Jean Stout, Edna Snow, Reuben Gardner, Gardner Snow, Hal Whipple,

Wilford B. Gardner, Loril Kent Porter, A. Wendell Gardner.

ENTIRE PERSONELL DEPT. OF THE L.D.S. CHURCH:

Russell Williams.

ENTIRE CHURCH WELFARE PROGRAM OF THE L.D.S. CHURCH:

Quimm Gardner.

MAJOR IN U.S. AIR FORCE:

Willard Leigh Gardner.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE

COMPANY OF AMERICA: James B. Jacobson, CLU president of Western Operations.

STATE LEGISLATORS:

Archie Gardner, E.S. "Rass" Gardner, Kumen Gardner, Malin Cox.



SGT. LINDSAY JACOBSON

Chapter 5

SCHOOL

The love of education, has perhaps had more influence on the history of the valley than any other one thing. The people took to education like the proverbial duck to water. One historian, J.W. Olsen says that "scanty information seems to make it certain that school of a primitive sort was established in Pine Valley even before the coming of the St. George group in 1861." Certain it is that schools were established by that year.

The first school house was built in the Upper Town just below where Nell Malchus's house now stands. It was used as a church also for all public gatherings. The second one was erected in the Lower Town one block and across the street west of the present church building. This was of logs. William Snow, the pioneer, was the first teacher there. He and his decendants were to wield a great influence in an educational way on the town. He belonged to a family of educated people, several of which were college trained, though he was not. He instilled in his children a love of learning. When he came to Pine Valley his wife, Ann, brought a copy of Mother Goose, the first one in the valley. Sell Bracken said that every child in town learned his first rhymes and fables lying in front of the Snow's fireplace looking at the book.

The permanent school house was the lower story of the present chapel. An amazing percentage of the children who attended school in that building went on to higher education. Fortunately the school often had superior teachers as the ones who

went away to high school and college would come home to teach for a year or two.

The beautiful little chapel in the village has now gained wide fame and well it might, for what went on in it was to have a powerful influence on the history of the town as well as on the lives of the people who have never heard of it. School was held in this building for fifty years and many of the children who attended were to have a marked influence on their day and time. The ones pictured here have become widely known all but the 2 college presidents, JoAnn Lockett, Eldon J. Gardner, Eugene H. Gardner, and Willard S. Sargent were all born in Pine Valley, but there is a large number who have become distinguished in professional fields who are decended from original natives. This love of learning seems to have carried down even to the fifth generation of the original pioneers, for no matter where they have moved to many have seemed to turn instinctively to higher schooling. Following is a list of the ones we know, but there are probably many more of which we know nothing. If there has been one thing that has distinguished the small town, it has been its love of learning.

The number who took bachelor's degrees are too numerous to mention, and the number who became teachers are also too many to list. One that was to leave a lasting influence was Maude Rencher who taught the lower grades and taught us some of the most charming little songs that have come down through several generations. Estella Jacobson McArthur is one who is remembered happily by a legion of former

students, also Nora Snow. They taught in the school at the same time and it was then that we learned the song "Santa Claus." This song has always been remembered and still loved to this day by all who attended school then. We consider it the very best Christmas song ever written for little children. The number of teachers are also too many to list but there is one who should be mentioned here Emma Gardner Abbott.

Emma Gardner Abbott went to Mesquite, Nevada when the people there were living in the most dire poverty imaginable. She went in and made herself one of them. For thirty years she taught, guided, encouraged, and helped countless students and towns people. She encouraged many to go off to school, lending and even giving them money for tuition, books, and board. She helped lift them from a poverty stricken uneducated group to a culturally thriving community. When Highway 91 was built connecting Salt Lake City with Los Angeles, a large bridge was built over the Virgin River near Mesquite. A committee was appointed to plan an elaborate celebration to be held for the driving of the final spike. Many names were brought up in the committee meeting as to whom they should get to drive it. Some suggested the Governor, others a Senator. Several high state officials were named. Finally one stalwart citizen, who had watched the town's birth and growth, arose and said, "Why send to Reno for someone to come down here to drive that spike, someone who doesn't know or care a thing about us? We have a citizen in our own town who has done more for the growth development, and culture of Clark County than half of its citizens put together. Why not choose her? I suggest that we choose Emma Gardner Abbott." Emma drove the spike.

Many widely scattered folks have happy memories of their school days in Pine Valley.

SCHOOL DAYS DURING THE WINTER AND VACATION DURING THE SUMMER

In the fall we would begin to count the days until school would start. By the last of October, we would be counting the days until it would let out. We had two teachers. The first four grades were in the Little Room and the upper four in the Big Room. We always started the first day out by singing "I'll Pledge My Heart, I'll Pledge My Hand Beside the Public School to Stand." We had double desks that held two students. We generally sat with our best friend. The desks had a long box in front of our knees to hold our books. There was an ink well on top, to hold a bottle of ink, and two grooves for pencils.

Schools were more organized and disciplined then than they are today. When the school bell rang we lined up out in front of the outside doors with the younger ones first in line. We marched into the building and straight to our seats. It was generally a race to see that you weren't outdone by the others in class work. Every teacher who ever taught there said that it was the easiest school they ever taught. The problem students were few.

When recess came the teacher would say, "Attention, turn, stand, march." We all filed out quietly and orderly enough that one could tell that we had at least contacted civilization somewhere along the way. The games we played at recess depended on the time of year. The first day of school the children from the Little Room played "Bearie Bearie Out Today" on the steps of the Tithing Office Granary or "Anti-I-Over" over the Lyceum. The older ones played Ring Boston and Base Rounders. During the year we played Cross Out, Sow, Duck on a Rock, Three Hole Perg, Steal Sticks, and Hop Scotch.

We ran over to our place, across the street, to get our drinking water. Mother kept a cup with a string tied to it and nailed to the well curb to keep the children from throwing the cup into the well as they were

SANTA CLAUS.

MARY BAILEY, in Normal Instructor.

E. L. K.

1. A crys - tal pal - ace of gleam - ing ice, With ice for win - dows and doors, With
 2. His gar - den is full of Christ - mas trees, His sta - ble his rein - deer hold, Whose
 3. The stars come out to light the way For each fleet gold - en hoof, Un -
 4. We nev - er hear him when he comes, Nor see him drive a - way! But

ice for tow - ers and dome and walls, With ice for stairs and floors!..... With
 branch - ing horns are of silver bright! Whose neat little hoofs are of gold!.... The
 til' at last they land the sleigh With San - ta on the roof!..... And
 chil - dren find their dreams come true, At the dawn of Christ - mas day!..... But

frost - lace cur - tains and i - ci - cle fringe, And cas - ious all stuffed with snow; With
 north wind sweeps the snow - y plains; Jack Frost must pack his load; Then
 down the chim - ney with noise - less speed, While chil - dren sleep and dream; To
 grand - ma says that in aft - er years, When we are gray and old, We may

white bear rugs on slip - per - y floors, Is where Santa Claus lives, you know!
 San - ta dressed in suit of fur, Drives fast a - long the road!
 where the wait - ing stock - ings hang, By the twi - lights fit - ful gleam!
 catch one glimpse of the sil - ver horns, Or hear lit - tle hoofs of gold!

always in a hurry. If it was potato digging time of year Father would let us have a Meshanic potato to eat with rock salt.

Winter was the time of year we loved best because we could play in the snow. We loved to get up on a cold winter morning after a fresh snow fall. Everything was clean and white and peaceful. The valley was simply beautiful before the cattle began to tramp about and break trails through the fleecy white blanket that covered the valley.

Soon we would see one of the men of the town with his team hitched on to a forked tree trunk breaking a track up the middle of Main Street and across the school house lot to the school room doors so the children would have a good path to walk to school in. Then each man in town would have a shovel and sweep a path from his front door to the broken track in the street. Then the girls would don their stocking caps, coats and mittens, and the boys would slip into their jumpers, and pull on their caps and mitts, and we would all be off to school running and scampering every where but where the newly made trails were. The bigger ones would be washing the faces of the younger ones with snow or throwing snowballs at them. They had to jump into the biggest drifts to see how deep they were. Every child who owned a sled would be dragging it along. We would snatch up hands full of snow to eat then nearly choke to death before recess.

We flocked into the school house and crowded around the red hot stove in the middle of the room to warm our numb fingers and toes.

The room was like the Torrid Zone next to the stove and like the North Pole every where else. Pegs for caps and coats were about 8 feet from the floor, so the boys would have a throwing contest to see who could be the first one to pitch his cap on a peg and make it stick. We girls poked our stocking caps into our coat sleeves, heaped them on to the seats of our desks and sat on them. For the first half hour the teacher would have us sit in a circle around the stove

while she read us a story and waited for the chill to get off from the room. The one story we never tired of was "The Brown Bull of Narrova." taken from the "Heart of Oak" books. When the teacher figured the room was warm enough she sent us to our seats and went on with school.

When recess came we loved to go out and play Fox and Geese in the snow and coast down the hill back of the school house. Sometimes the older boys skated in the Lane Field just below the school house lot. Some of them would tie a rope to a sled, with younger children sitting on it, and pull it around on the ice while they skated.

We didn't have to march into the school house when there was snow on the ground.

We memorized many poems. Most of them were written by New England poets as; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Eugene Field, John Greenleaf Whittier etc.. Some of our favorite poems were "The First Snow-fall", "The Village Blacksmith", "Jest Before Christmas", "Barefoot Boy", and "School Days." We had reading classes for all the grades from the beginners on through the eighth grade. The readers for the upper grades were "The Stepping Stones of Literature." We learned many classics from these books. I feel sorry for the present generation who missed them.

In the evenings we often made honey or molasses candy, popped corn, froze ice cream in a lard bucket that we turned back and forth in a big bucket of snow and rock salt while we played checkers, Old Maid or Dominoes. The young people hooked horses on bob sleds and went sleigh riding while they sang. The stockmen also used bob sleds during the winter.

On Saturdays we loved to coast down Uncle Jeter Snow's Old Place Hill in tin milk pans. The boys would sometimes turn water from the pond at the top of the hill, let it mix with the snow and turn to ice. It was fun to coast over the bumpy ice in pans, and sometimes we would just lift our knees up and hold our coats tight over our seats and

coast down on them. Our mothers weren't too happy about what this did to our coats.

Father was quite gifted with carpenter tools, and he made some excellent sleds for us that were about 14 to 16 inches high. The boys would get a long plank and wire each end of it to one of our sleds, then a whole bunch of kids could sit on the plank and coast down the hill.

We even coasted in the evenings after dark. The boys would build a large bonfire at the top of the hill where we could warm ourselves. The parents scolded us and said we would freeze to death. I never knew of this happening to a single one of us. Oh, I'll admit we coughed and had runny noses. We didn't need Kleenex (which had'nt yet arrived in the world) or a "hanky". We used "hankeys" only on Sunday. Instead the boys used their coat sleeves, and the girls wiped their noses on the tails of their flannel petticoats.

We were all happy when the last day of school arrived. We hurried to school stood up and sang, "Rest From Your Studies."

Then we all gathered up our lunch pails and headed for the Cedar Hill to celebrate the last day of school. We always chose the south side of the Cedar Hill because it was the first place in the valley where the snow had melted away and it was warm and dry. There we could gather under the pinion pines and cedar trees, eat our lunches, gather pretty rocks, and chews of pine gum.

The one thing that some of us looked forward to was the Patty Pans that Aunt Nellie made for her girls's lunch and there was enough so they could share them with the rest of us. What we today call muffin tins was a Patty Pan then. Aunt Nellie made little cakes in these and spread white frosting over them and sprinkled red cinnamon candies over the frosting. They looked like valentines and tasted better than chocolate eclairs.

Now we were free for the summer and all the children in town grew up together. We played in the Polly-wog Pond in front of Aunt Nellie's store, waded in the Shingle

Mill Ditch and Zade's Creek. The boys went swimming, in their birthday suits, in the pond by Uncle Jeter's spring. We went hayrack riding when our fathers hauled hay.

On bright moonlight nights the young people of the town walked up and down the streets singing "Sadie Rae" and "Pride of the Ball."

As the years went by the children of the town grew up, went off to school, many of them married and never came back.

The last children born in the valley were born in 1910 so the school population diminished until there were only enough left for a one teacher school. Beginning in the fall of 1912 we had just one teacher and this continued until the spring of 1919.

Linna Snow, one of the best teachers we ever had, taught the last 2 years. That spring there were three of us in the graduating class, LaRue and Bessie Snow and Lee Beckstrom. After that there was not enough of the required number left to hold a school, and so the mothers moved away for the winter, to put their children in school, and the fathers remained in the valley to care for the cattle.

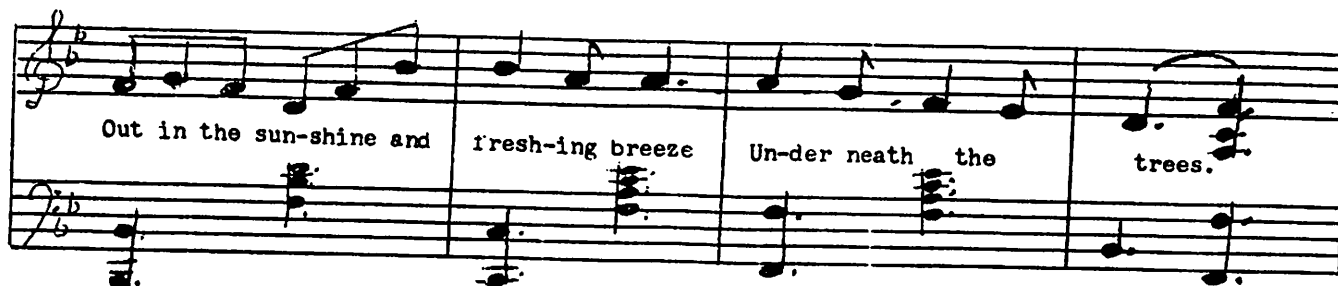
I can still remember an important event that took place the year I was in the 7th grade. There were 5 in our class then Lee, LaRue, myself, Wilford "Gid-leaf-toy" Whipple, and Bryant "Bounce" Beacham. We older girls often spent recess crocheting or doing embroidery work. During the morning recess LaRue had gone home to get some embroidery hoops. It was November 11, 1918. She came running back and told us that W. O. Bently, the County School Supt., had just called to say that the Germans had surrendered in World War I. and they were closing all the schools in the county for the rest of the day. Lee, Bounce, and Gid-leaf-toy ran over and snatched up some bright colored purses we girls were crocheting, climbed up to the top of the library pole and hung them there to celebrate the great occasion.

When Linna and I got home we found Frank Holt there who had just come up from

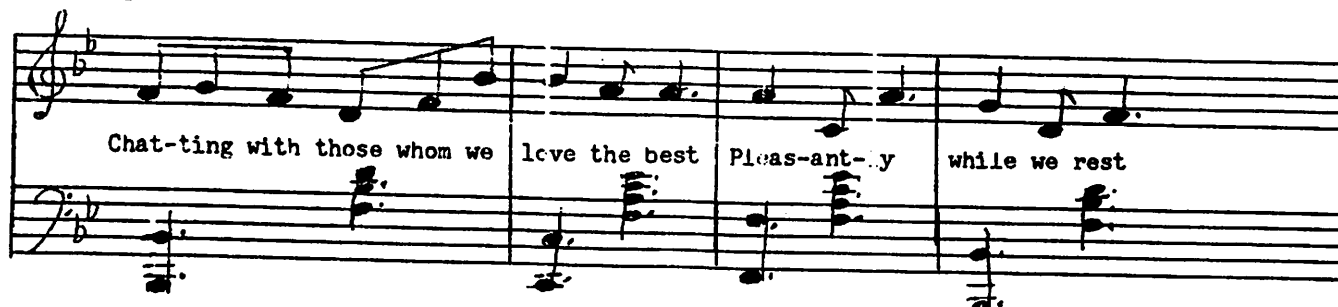
REST FROM YOUR STUDIES



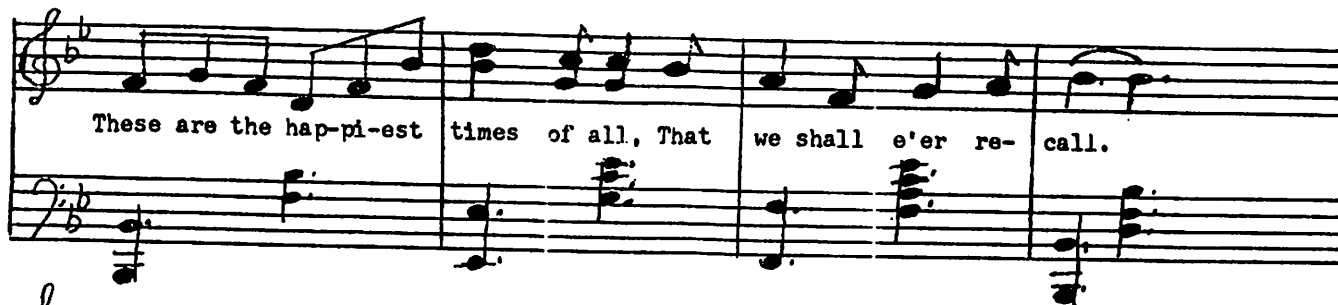
Rest from your stu-dies a lit-tle while Romp and play, laugh and smile.



Out in the sun-shine and fresh-ing breeze Un-der neath the trees.



Chat-ting with those whom we love the best Pleas-ant-y while we rest



These are the hap-pi-est times of all, That we shall e'er re-call.



Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,



Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Gunlock to bring Mother a keg of molasses. As a group was gathered in our back yard, discussing the event, Uncle Oz Gardner rode up to the fence to join the group and said, "We have just heard that Wallace Gray was killed in France which almost takes the joy out of the day."

The year of 1917 was to mark the beginning of a great change in the history. It was the year that the Whipple family sold out and left the place, but they were to be the last ones to leave. From there on things were to grow up instead of down, but no one realized it at the time. It was the year that the nation was embroiled in the World War I, everyone was apprehensive as to who would be called to go to the army as there were quite a number who were vulnerable. The only one who was well known who was to go to France was George Chadburn, youngest of the Chadburn's seven sons. Although they lived on their ranch a dozen miles down the mountain they belonged to the Pine Valley ward and attended school there. They came and "batched" it in the old home of Bishop Jeter Snow after he moved to his new home. George's birthday chanced to be on the same day as Fenton Gardner's, son of Ozro and Maryetta who lived just across the road from George's grandmother, Eliza Lloyd. Because of the double birthdays the crowd to which they belonged often celebrated their birthdays together. George never forgot the time when he went to one of their parties where the baby of the family came and sat on his lap, her mother was unable to dislodge her for nearly the whole evening.

When the war came George's number came up in the early fall of 1917, just days before he was to leave his mother died making it very difficult for George to leave his father all alone as all the other children

were married by then. He was sent to Camp Lewis in Washington and within six weeks he received word that his father had also died. To his great disappointment, the army refused to let him come home to the funeral, he was now an orphan and was on his way to active duty in the army. Early in 1918 the word came that he was in France and soon it was reported that he was in the hospital suffering from trench feet, a malady many of the soldiers suffered.

Everyone in town was much concerned about him and wondered what was happening to him. About June of that year a letter from him came to his grandmother who was then nearly eighty years old and could not see very well so she went over to Mettie Gardner's and asked them to read the letter to her. They were more than happy to do so as it would bring news to them also. They soon reported to everyone the contents of the letter. He told his grandmother that he was now out of the hospital and for her not to worry about him for he was going to be all right. Then he said that his parents and his sister, Mary, who had died before he was born had appeared to him in a dream or a vision, and that his father had told him not to mourn for them any more for they were all together and working happily. He then said that George would get home all right and the war would end in seven months. The letter became town talk, the believers were much comforted by it, on the day the Armistice was signed someone remembered the letter and said, "Well, Brother Chad must have known what he was talking about for the letter was written in April, the fourth month and this was the eleventh one, making it just seven months. Everyone could say with Browning, "God's in his heaven and all is right with the world."

BOOK 5

"THE REVIVAL"

Chapter 1

In 1917 Erastus Gardner had plans made to marry Maude Crosby sometime during that summer, she had been teaching in the Dixie College during the previous winter. When all the men in the nation between 18 and 45 were asked to register for the draft on June fifth of that year Rass was called from St. George by someone suggesting that he and three men teachers from the college who were marrying three of Maude's close friends, marry and then register as married men as it could help them to avoid the draft. Rass answered that he was willing to marry on that day, but he would register first as a single man, which he did to the admiration of all the neighbors He married but was never drafted, they moved into the Nat Gardner house which had just been left vacant when Nat moved to Cedar City after selling his farm and home to Malin Cox. The newly weds lived in the house for a year or so then he bought his Uncle William Gardner's house and farm. This house was one of the most attractive homes in the town, it was encouraging to see a home being occupied instead of left vacant.

The next summer Rex Gardner married Nettie Whitehead of St. George. His father had obtained a farm for him in Delta and they moved there for a time but Nettie was unhappy and longed to return home, so Rex took over his father's home and farm and returned to Pine Valley. A year later Levi Snow married Belle Hafen from Santa Clara and Malin Cox married Christena Jacobson from the Jacobson ranch. Neither of these couples came to Pine Valley at once to live, but within a few years Malin returned and

operated the farm he had purchased from Nat Gardner. Levi returned and took over the management of his father's farm and succeeded in buying some more acres for himself. There was not a house in town they could get to live in so took the old tithing office on the public square which had been left vacant, and furnished it for a home for a short time. Alma Jacobson, the only son of Henry and Carrie, married Eula Barton of Greenville and was looking for a place to settle. His mother was not about to lose him, so she managed to get the Whipple place which had already been sold to Lemuel Leavitt of Veyo after he decided that Pine Valley was not the place for him. Glenn Snow who had married Laura Gardner, was a school teacher, like many others could not think of a place quite as pleasant as Pine Valley to spend his summers so they came back and revamped the old Patience Whipple home that had been purchased by her father, Reuben Gardner, some years before. A few years later Clawson Burgess married Dixie Judd and came back to take over the Uncle Jode Burgess place. Meanwhile Bruce Snow who had already been running his father's set-up since his father's death, married Emma Seegmiller and moved into the Cynthia Gardner place. Olaf Jacobson assumed responsibility for his father's farm and cattle but did not marry. His mother told him he should remain single to care for her until her death, but she lived to be a hundred three, so he out lived her only a short while. Peter Beckstrom, who had moved to Central, left there and went to Uinta County for a short while but did not

like it so returned to Pine Valley where he purchased the R.B. Gardner property. Years later his sons Vere and Lee married Elizabeth Snow and Effie Gardner respectively and both remained in the village. These couples added up to about a dozen families who lived there about forty years. They were among the golden years.

The relationship of these men was like the old, old lady and the boy that was half past three, for the way they worked and played together was beautiful to see. They all ran cattle and farmed, had grown up from childhood together so knew each other from the ground up. They made up the membership of the Pine Valley Irrigation Company which held its annual business meeting on the first Monday of each May. They would meet usually in the lower story of the chapel about dusk, it didn't take too long to complete the necessary business, but the meeting usually did not break up until about midnight as it took so long to get caught up on the news and visit about the winter when they had not seen each other for so long. They rode the range together several times a year caring for their live stock. For a few years some experimented with raising corn silage for cattle feed, when it came time to cut the corn most of them helped getting it made and cured then later checked to decide if it was worth it.

During World War II the price of potatoes went so high they became a profitable crop so some of the men supplemented their income by raising them. The ones in the valley had always been of a superior quality and because of the cold winters they could be kept until spring when the price went up, however they were very tedious to work with, but help came.

When the Californians began coming to hunt deer, came one Charlie Sides, he was an avid hunter with the skill of a Mohawk Indian, here he found a hunter's paradise so returned each year where he became a close friend of Gordon Beckstrom who was also a skillful hunter. He would come and stay for days at a time with the Beckstroms and was

there right when they were harvesting the potatoes, was agast at the primitive methods used.

On a return trip he brought first a potato planter, then a hiller and a digger showing them how potatoes could be raised in large quantities with much less work. He bought a farm near Enterprise on which he raised potatoes and one year brought his entire outfit over and helped the farmers with their digging. Most of the men worked on the crew to see how it worked, and were not slow to see the light. In a matter of a few year all of them had similar equipment and in harvest season they often would help each other or hire a crew of college boys and send them from one place to another.

One of the jobs for which there was no modern machinery for help was the cleaning of the ditches each spring that meant that every man in town armed with a shovel would meet and proceed to dig out the irrigation ditches, there were five main ones, Upper North, Lower North, Shingle Mill, Town ditch and Spring Branch making about five miles in all so it was some days before they were through. The Forsyth ditch ran past the back of the Co-op store so usually by the time they got near the store they were all ready for a coffee break so they would draw cuts to see who would go up and bring back a candy bar for each one. It fell to Olaf Jacobson so many times that it came to be a joke. He would say, "Don't waste time drawing cuts, I'd just as well go now," but the others would insist on drawing but it would still fall to him again.

Olaf was not very well as he suffered from hay fever and asthma so all the rest tried to make things as easy for him as they could, as they all did for each other. One spring Rex Gardner had a major operation, while he was in the hospital the boys planted his crops for him with no questions asked. When Levi Snow's fifteen year old son drowned in the St. George swimming pool right while he was hauling hay. He came home from making the funeral arrangements to find the hay all hauled and

everything else done.

The wives of all these men probably wondered sometimes what they deserved for a head gear, a halo or a dunce cap. They came to old houses that needed all kinds of repairs, cooked on a wood stove, lighted the house with kerosene lamps, washed over an open fire in the back yard, bathed in the number three wash tub.

The saddest part of all was that the school had been discontinued so each girl could live there seven years, by the time the first child was six years old and had to get to school, that meant that one had to get away, it meant going back to St. George for most of them. In that day there were no apartments, no condominiums, practically no houses for rent. In most cases the parents there doubled up or did anything and everything to help out, but all managed some how to get there.

One family, not natives, the Halls, must not be over looked. Back in 1915 Orson Hall from Hurricane graduated from high school in Dixie then married his girl friend, Philena Pickett then left immediately for an L.D.S. mission to the Central States. What happened to him there no one ever was able to find out, but his health was ruined. He returned ambitious to go ahead to support his family but it was hopeless, he just didn't have the strength to do anything. The hot weather was unendurable so when no doctor seemed to be able to give him any help they thought of Pine Valley for the cool weather, and since Philena was a cousin to Christena Cox, Malin offered them his Nat Gardner house that was vacant at the time. They came, Orson was better but far from well yet. Philena said later that they had been told that Pine Valley was so clannish they would never feel welcome, but later she apologized, when she found how willing and anxious the people were to help them. The second summer they returned Malin gave them a garden spot, the Irrigation Company contributed an hour of garden water once a week, everyone gave them anything they had that would help. I remember my mother saying,

"We will never use all of those two quart bottles I have in the cellar now part of the family is gone I think I had better give them to Philena," or "We will let that picnic ham just go to waste if I cut it, I had better send it to Halls."

For more than twenty five years they returned each summer, they repaired and cleaned five different houses that had been left vacant, to get a place to live. Sometimes Orson was well enough to work for the forest service or give someone else help, part of the time they remained during the winter also and he fed cattle which was not too strenuous a job, they acted as postmaster for a time, milked Malin's dairy cows when he was gone or did anything they could. They had five children who were the right age to fit in with the other children in town. Philena descended from the Pickett family who all had dramatic talent dripping out of their fingers, her children had it too. The oldest one, Adelia, was brilliant with a most keen imagination, the parties she conjured up were not just the common garden variety, so the young people growing up were so pleased to have her in their gangs. In the Church organizations the family made real contributions, a thing they continued to do all the rest of their lives. As all the children in Pine Valley automatically planned to go on to higher education, these children automatically assimilated the same ambition, all of them have become useful, worthwhile citizens. Pine Valley felt really flattered when Orlo, the second son was elected President of the Rotary Club in St. George.

As everyone knows, it is by going through hardships of our own that we learn to have sympathy for others in difficulty, so it was with Halls. When Philene learned that her younger sister had been deserted by her husband and left with no home and three little girls to raise, she took them in and shared her home with them. The girls had the good fortune to spend the summers in Pine Valley until they were grown, and became companions with the other young

folks who were growing up in the valley.

Aunt Carrie Jacobson's dream of having her son Alma and his family grow up close to her soon became a nightmare. He and Eula came and moved into the Whipple house, landscaped the yards, planted a garden and moved on happily until he developed a chronic kidney ailment. They spent the rest of his short life searching for cures, but it was hopeless. He lingered on for near ten years during which time Eula gave birth to four children, three boys and a girl who died shortly after her birth. Shortly before the birth of the last boy Alma died. It was a grievous blow to everyone in town for they were important in all the town's activities and loved by everyone. Eula, who had been a teacher, now returned to her profession and continued on with it until retirement. Her parents lived in Caliente, Nevada where her father was employed by the railroad. She obtained a teaching position which she held until her boys were through school there but they returned to their home in Pine Valley each summer where the boys were happy to join in with the other young kids in their fun.

The second son, Hugh, graduated from Lincoln County High School and went from there to U.C.L.A. where his brother Hogarth already preceded him. At the end of his third year he left school to join his chosen branch of the air corps but was forced to wait nearly a year before he was called in. During this interval he remained in Pine Valley much of the time and acted as a fire guard for the Forest Service on the top of Pine Valley Mountain during his last summer here.

After receiving his training in flying he won his wings at Luke Field in Arizona in October 1943. His mother left her teaching position at the time to attend the ceremonies there where it was she who was given the honor of pinning on his wings. He was sent to England where he and his brother Hogarth were stationed only 30 miles apart. They visited together only a few days before the invasion of Normandy. He took active

part in the great struggle for only one week before he went down, but in that week was awarded two medals for his missions.

When he went down during this invasion of Normandy the war dept. sent word to his mother that they gave him not a ninety but a ninety-five% chance of being a prisoner behind the lines as his plane was found landed in perfect condition but there was no trace of him. For the next year she lived holding out the hope that he would be found. After D-Day no word came of him. His two brothers Hogarth and Lindsay were both in the air corps in France at the time, and were given a special privilege of going to the location to make a search but no trace could be found of his fate. In December of 1948 word suddenly and unexpectedly came that he had been killed in action June 12, 1944 and had been buried by the British in one of their cemeteries in France. In digging up bodies to return to their homes this information was discovered.

The request was made that his body not be returned until spring when the family and the townspeople, who had endured the long agony of suspense could at last unite in showing him the honor due him. The following is an account of his funeral:

FIRST LIEUT. HUGH H. JACOBSON:

The only person from Pine Valley who sacrificed his life for his country was honored in impressive and beautiful memorial services on June 12, 1949 in the historic little Pine Valley Chapel under the direction of one of Hugh's closest friends and pals, Bishop Dean C. Gardner. He was assisted by two contingents of former servicemen, one from the Cottam-Hafen Post in St. George under the direction of Evan Whitehead and one from the Caliente Hugh Jacobson Post under the direction of Morley Davis.

"Prayer Perfect" was sung by Rhoda Jackson accompanied by Mae Pace. The opening prayer was offered by Levi Snow. Former bishop Malin Cox, a life long friend of Hugh's father, the late Alma Jacobson, was the first speaker. He spoke of his long

and pleasant association with all the family and paid tribute to Hugh for having given his life for what he thought was right. President Glenn E. Snow, who had acted as guardian of the Jacobson boys, after their father's death, was the next speaker. He spoke also of his long association with Hugh and other members of the family, and of the unusually close and pleasant association we have all had living as intimately together as we have always done in this little valley. We come closest to knowing and loving God by seeing and loving the God-like attributes we find in his children.

A duet "In the Garden" was sung by Rohda Jackson and Marion Bowler, which was followed by a talk by Capt. Craig Mackie formerly of Caliente. Capt. Mackie grew up in the house closest to Hugh's home in Caliente and had known him all his life. He gave a sketch of Hugh's school life there and also his college experience in U.C.L.A. where both of them attended college. He paid tribute to him in having chosen the most technical and dangerous service in the air corps in which he won one of the highest

places in action in France. He won two Medals for his service.

Marion Bowler sang "Sleep Soldier" as a closing number, the benediction was offered by Rex Gardner, the grave was dedicated by E.S. Gardner.

At the cemetery military services were conducted under direction of the Caliente post with the assistance of the St. George post. The pall bearers were members of Hugh's old basketball team from the Lincoln County High School with the addition of Erle Snow from Pine Valley. The military dedication of the grave was given by Ralph Lauper of the St. George post.

It was a source of untold satisfaction to all concerned to be there to see Lieut. Jacobson brought back to this beautiful valley where he spent his happy childhood, and the one place all felt sure he would have chosen to be after he had been given up for lost for five long years.

"Sound sound the glorious call of fame,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name"



FIRST LIEUT. HUGH H. JACOBSON
The only person from Pine Valley
who sacrificed his life for his country.

The young people of the valley helped to establish a tradition which has continued to this day. In the early days everyone had to have a wagon to carry on their business, but a buggy was one of the first signs of affluence. Anyone who could afford a vehicle just to travel in was in a position to be envied. Aunt Carrie, who always took a trip some place each winter just to visit, bought one. She could handle a team of horses as well as any man so the buggy was highly prized as she could go places on her own. To keep the buggy looking new she had a lean-to built on the side of the barn to house it where it was left for many years after automobiles replaced it. One summer several of the teen age boys in exploring went to investigate it, and got ideas. They carefully rolled it to where they could soak up the wheels so the spokes would not fall out, then on the early morning of the Fourth of July they hitched a span of horses to it and hunted up some of the girl friends and took an early morning ride. They had so much fun that they repeated it for several summers, the only problem was that it soon was so popular it would not hold all the kids who wanted to ride. They solved that by taking Malin's big long hay rack which would hold about every child in town. At daylight the wagon started and kids came running from all directions with cow bells and horns or anything that would make a noise, and waked up all the village with their singing and ringing. When horses became extinct Dean Gardner, the oldest one of this generation supplied a tractor and the ride continued. When Sally McDermott moved to town she thought that was a good chance to make a party out of it, so with the help of a few other ladies took hot cocoa and warm doughnuts down to the church and fed the kids, after which they gathered around the liberty pole and saluted the flag, which had just been flown. When Dean got tired his boys took over and I don't think a year has been missed since it began. There are always a lot of visitors who have come to celebrate the Fourth, now it is the children

of the first riders that fill up the big flat rack that had to replace the hay rack after it grew too old. Dean has grandchildren coming on now, we hope they will not let the custom die.

Of all the couples in town Malin and Tena Cox were the only ones who had no children which was a sad disappointment to him especially as he had been raised by his grandmother with no other children. When they had been married about twenty years she died suddenly leaving him alone. To make life more endurable he asked to be called on a mission which he filled happily. While he was gone the Halls lived in his house and cared for his farm and livestock. On his return he found LaVerne and her three girls living with them. You guessed it, he married her shortly after and quickly adopted the girls, then to his great joy, they had three more children, two girls and a boy to carry on his name in the earth.

Meantime one more couple arrived, Nell Bracken, daughter of Arthur and Mahala, who spent her first ten years in the valley and did not forget it. She and her husband, Jerry Malchus purchased a building lot from Sell Bracken in the upper town, he had moved to Central but had retained his ground in Pine Valley. On this Nell who had inherited her great grandmother's artistic talents proceeded to build a most charming and attractive house on the lot. They contributed two more children to the number in town, a boy and a girl whose ages were just right to fit in with the others.

One more couple was to add to the population; as stated above the Lloyds in leaving their property to Stanley and Maggie Calkins did the town a most appreciated favor. When Stanley died leaving Maggie alone she was in a position to be pitied. She had no children and no relatives of her own and did not mix very well with the towns people. When she grew older the condition became worse, she resorted to tearing boards from her house to burn for firewood. Stanley's nephew, Earl Bleak, seeing the situation came and gave

her what help he could. She offered to give him her property if he would care for her. When he retired from his position as a music teacher in Dixie College he and his wife Stella, who was also a talented musician, moved up to care for her. At first they took the Lloyd store building and furnished it for living quarters though it was just one room. As the years went by Maggie became more helpless they remodeled her own house and made it comfortable for all of them. They landscaped the grounds raising beautiful flowers and shrubs, put a pump on the well to bring water into the house making her more comfortable than she had ever been. In winters they took her with them to their home in St. George paying her well for what she gave them. Later their daughter, Thelma, was also a music teacher, married Ralston Barber and they also came to Pine Valley where they all went into the dairy business together. The young couple took the old Lloyd home and repaired it making it really attractive. When time passed and they had no children they adopted a little girl, which performed the miracle and they were blessed with a son of their own which added two more children to grow up in the village. Both Earl and Ralston took a turn being a counselor in the Bishopric.

It was in the Church and other public gatherings that the Bleaks were so appreciated, she had played the piano in his dance orchestra in Dixie for many years so she became the organist in Sunday School while he led the singing. After we had been without help for so many years it made a tremendous improvement. After Nettie Gardner married Rex and came to town she played for everything for many years until Stella came to help her, both were really accomplished musicians and were always on hand when needed. Stella played the piano, and as one girl said, when she heard her play "Welcome Welcome Sabbath Morning" she could hardly keep from dancing. Nettie played the organ for sacrament Meeting as it was better for sacred music, the preliminary music she played was fit

competition to the Salt Lake Tabernacle organ music.

Plus the music Stella had a talent for arranging flowers which she placed in front of the pulpit, some of the other ladies who also raised flowers would place a vase full on the piano. Sunday was a day to look forward to.

The absence of electric power was a painful draw back to life in a place that was so pleasant in so many other ways. Many people over the years dreamed of it, Reuben Gardner often thought of harnessing the Santa Clara Creek in the canyon. Several times he contacted experienced men to investigate the possibilities. When the local power company brought the power line through Central other men tried to get them to bring it up to Pine Valley; every possibility was investigated but all came to naught. After the R.E.A. brought power to the Beryl area and created a new world there, Leon Bowler, the manager of the company, came to me, Bessie Snow, who had taught him first and second grade and asked why we didn't have the R.E.A. company bring power to Pine Valley. I asked him to explain what we would have to do. After he did I told him I would call all the Pine Valley residents to a meeting in my school room and for him to come tell them what he had told me and I was sure they would all want to join the company. He came and everyone was more than happy to join the company after listening to him. The struggle and experiments of the past forty years was behind us. He had the power brought in that very summer of 1964. Over the years some of the households had installed gas cook stoves and refrigerators which was a blessing second to only a few, they were greatly appreciated but they did not completely revolutionize life as the electric power did. The only sad thing about it was that the brides who had come so courageously forty years before were now so old that much of their life's work was behind them.

Those years from 1920 to 1960 or later

were surely some of the golden years. During them about fifty children were born and in the words of Phillip Brooks, "their lives came streaming like sunbeams from the sun" in that child's paradise there were horses to ride, streams to fish in, foothills to shoot in and all so safe that no parent had need to worry about them.

While the men often worked together, the women found their best times were when they quilted together. On Tuesdays they all dressed in their second best dresses, took the mid-week bath, combed their hair and met in the little room downstairs in the chapel where they held Relief Society,

improvising lessons for the summer sessions. There some of the most inspirational and rewarding sessions on record were held. Frequently extra work meetings were held as there would be a quilt to be made. The remainder of the week everyone watched to see if the blinds on the windows were raised if so, it meant that someone was there quilting, then regardless of how one was dressed or looked they hurried with their own work so as to be able to get to the quilting. It was here that many of the decisions that affected life in general were made.



While Christine looks out over the churchyard, her sister Dorothy pulls the bell-rope calling the congregation to church on the 4th of July, before the

picnic later to be held in the canyon at the head of the valley. The girls are the daughters of Malin Cox, former bishop of the Pine Valley church.

Chapter 2

THE DEER PROBLEM

Prior to the coming of the white man Nature maintained her own even balance of wild life in the mountains, but cougars and coyotes were enemies to the cattle business so their numbers were cut down to the extent that the deer herd became a nuisance. In 1928 the Game Department opened up the state for deer hunting. Hunter's especially from California came in, in great numbers and had such good luck that the following year hunters came in by the thousands and for several decades after continued to make deer season their vacation. Many of them came to Pine Valley and made lasting friends with the men there and returned year after year to camp and go hunting with the local sportsmen. One of these deserves special attention, Harold Caniff of Los Angeles came, established a permanent camp and remained at least a month each year. Later one of his neighbors, Dennis L'Hereux joined him. They purchased a small plot of ground from Malin Cox, sank a deep well after the electric power came, making a place they could be comfortable the year around. For more than forty years they missed but one year during World War II of coming in the fall. Sometimes they brought their wives during the summer for a vacation. They tramped the hills until they were more familiar with them than many of the natives. When Malin Cox died they came to his funeral.

Despite the hunting each fall the deer herd continued to increase until they were a menace. Each night they came into the fields where they consumed so much hay that the farmers lost many tons of it. They

complained to the Game Department demanding relief but nothing was done. After some years their patience was exhausted, they contacted a well know lawyer in Ogden and inquired what the penalty would be if they killed the deer themselves. He answered that in every case he checked on in the court cases the farmers had been vindicated. One night the men met on another matter that needed their attention and decided to call the Game Department and give them one more chance. This they did, they called the head office of the Game Department saying that if something were not done by a certain day they would take matters into their own hands. They waited for the day, nothing happened. That evening they all met with a spot light and their guns. Bruce Snow chanced to have an old flat bottomed truck which he had bought for the engine to operate a wood saw, they all piled on the back with their feet hanging down and drove around the fields to a place owned by each one of them, then shot a few deer on each place leaving them where they fell. None of them ever got over laughing over the fun they had in the process.

The following morning someone came to town and immediatly noticed the deer and at once notified the local Game Warden. He immediatly made a trip to investigate, then called the State Game Commissioner, Mr. Newel B. Cook, in Salt Lake and gave him the news. The following morning under a big headline in the Salt Lake Tribune was an account of the shooting, the names of the men thought to be guilty were listed. Orange Olson, who had been Forest Service

Supervisor in Dixie, had been promoted to a higher position in Ogden, he read the account and made a trip at once to Salt Lake to see Mr. Cook. He said, "Don't make the mistake of treating this as an ordinary case of poaching. I know every one of the men, they are square shooters, there isn't a crook in the bunch." Mr. Cook had to do something, he couldn't just ignore it, so he came down and asked all the men to please meet with him at the ranger station in Pine Valley on a certain evening. The men agreed but before they went all met at Levi Snow's place across the street from the station and all agreed that all should keep quiet except one who would do the talking for all of them. Olaf Jacobson was chosen for he never talked out of turn, and never spoke unless it was important. They arrived at the meeting. Mr. Cook with a number of game wardens from other places in the state were present, all sitting in chairs on one side of the room. There were not enough chairs to go around so the boys sat on the opposite side of the room with their backs against the wall. Mr. Cook opened the meeting by saying "Well, boys, you know why we are here, what do you have to say for yourselves?"

Olaf answered by saying, "Mr. Cook, you are not here on our invitation, we have nothing to say, if you do, go ahead."

A deafening silence settled over the room, lasted until one young chap could not stand it any longer and burst out laughing, then they all laughed for it was funny.

Cook then explained that they had all been arrested so would have to appear in

court. The boys answered that they had known that they would, but that each one would demand a jury trial. When the county attorney heard that, he said it would bankrupt the county. In the end the court case was dropped, the argument was settled by the Game Commission agreeing to do just what the farmers had asked them to do, that was to have a game warden with anyone else he needed to come once a week and kill the deer found feeding in the fields. The boys agreed to go with them if they needed them. For a number of years this plan was carried out, anyone forgetting what day it was would be awakened in the night by the sound of gun shots and would remember it was Wednesday

The men in town took turns helping with the shooting and were rewarded by being allowed to buy one of the deer for \$1.50, which proved to be a boon for the housewives for there was no other source of fresh meat closer than St. George and the road at the time was one to avoid as much as possible. The other deer were eviscerated and given to either the Indians at Shivwitt reservation or to people on welfare in the county. Since a whole deer was a bit too much for one family to use at one time when there was no refrigeration nearby, each one was divided with others thereby keeping a supply on hand for everyone much of the time. The deer were young and well fed and the men buying them knew what to choose, the venison came to be enjoyed about as much as beef.

Chapter 3

THE FOREST SERVICE

The men who shot the deer had all memorized the Articles of Faith as they grew up but when they said they believed in honoring, obeying and sustaining the law they meant they would as long as the law was on the right side, otherwise they would quarrel with the law. When President Woodruff at the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple, said that at this time peace was taken from the earth, the women in Pine Valley believed him for the date coincided closely with the coming of the Forest Service to Dixie. Truly from that time forth there was but little peace in the valley. Previously a man could graze as many cattle as he cared to run on the forests, after each man was given a permit for a definite number and they were carefully counted as they were turned on the forest in the spring. As the years went by the number was repeatedly cut down thereby limiting a man's income. The older men resented this keenly, especially Reuben Gardner, who had had one of the largest herds. His daughter, Effie, said she was grown up before she knew that the word Raphael was not a swear word as that was the name of one of the early forest supervisors.

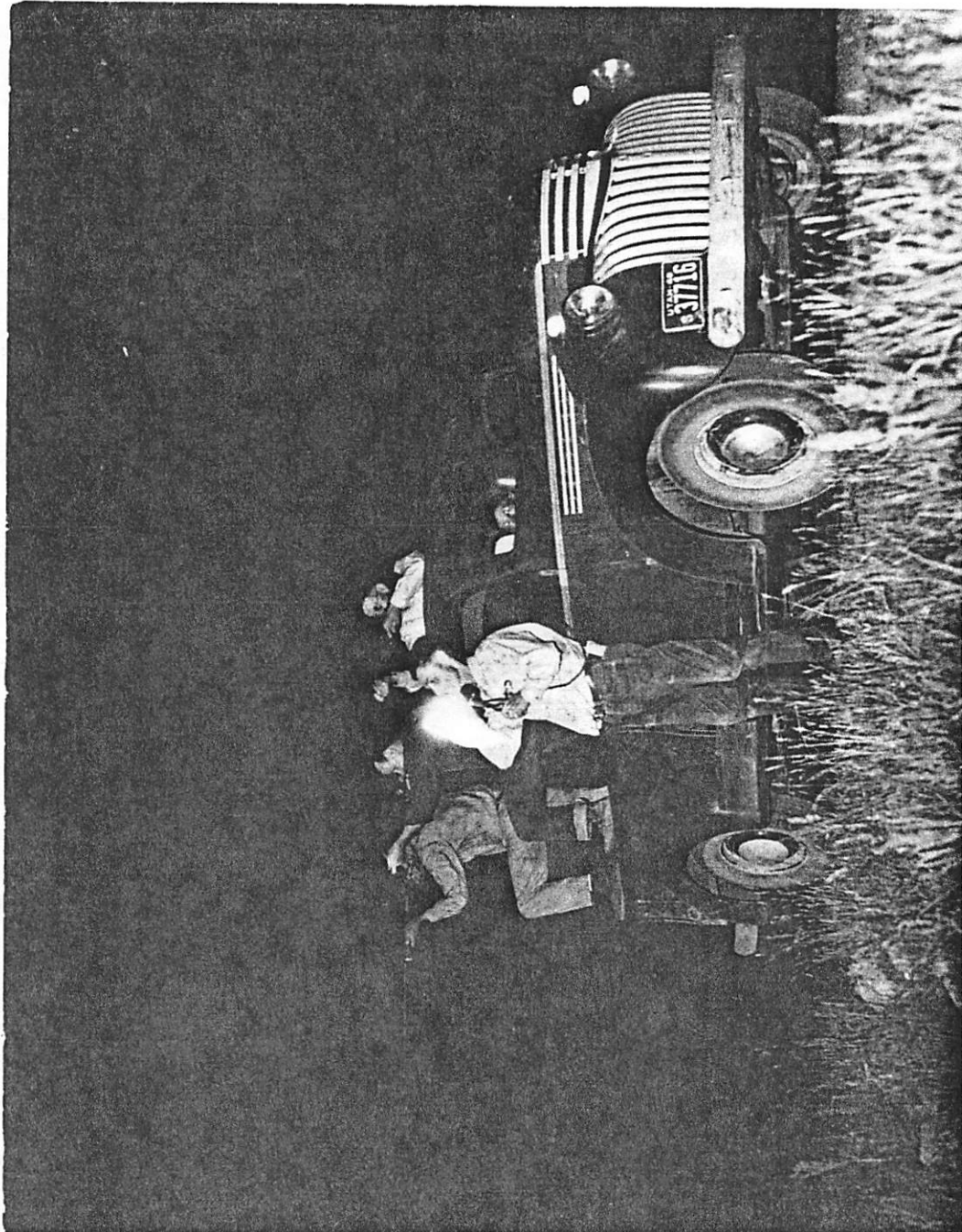
In time the Forest Service began to bring in many improvements, they built roads and trails, placed water tanks in strategic places and in some cases piped water to them so cattle would graze on the places that had earlier been too far from water. They planted grass in many places then later bulldozed down juniper trees and planted grass in their place but these later improvements did not come until most of cattlemen were

ready to retire. Rex Gardner was the first one to quit, he sold his cattle to Malin Cox but retained his farm. Malin had previously purchased the Carrie Jacobson herd and rented her farm thereby fulfilling a life long dream. From the time he read "The Virginian" he had yearned to be a cowboy. He enjoyed these cattle until his own health broke when he sold both his farm and cattle to Levi Snow who was also growing old but had his son Erle to turn to for help. The cost of running cattle was growing now to the point that one had to have another job to support it. Soon Ted Snow who had inherited his father, Bruce Snow's herd, and had bought Vere Beckstrom's, sold most of his to Erle, keeping only a small number mostly for entertainment. When a bad year came with but little feed available, Erle sold his entire herd to Dennis Iverson, a son-in-law of Clawson Burgess. In the meantime Dean Gardner had bought Lee Beckstrom's herd even though he had inherited his father, Rass's, set up giving him the best opportunity to make a living, he still reached out and accepted the position of County Assessor keeping his head above water. His youngest son, Lynn has kept the business running for the past few years and is now one of three men still raising cattle, the other two being Ted and Clawson Burgess, the latter who has reached retirement age, will likely soon turn his over to his son-in-law. The old order changeth, it has gone with the wind.

It was a hard life, a rugged one, but a happy one, a time looked back upon by the ones who lived it with nostalgia. Malin,

dubbed "the sagebrush philosopher" by his mission President summed it up when he said, "If I die and go to heaven and they

don't have a good horse and some white faced cows there to ride for I'll say, "Send me back this can't be heaven for me."



To help keep the deer thinned out sufficiently to save the crops and the range grass for the cattle of Pine Valley, the State Game Commission sends a warden to help the ranchers hunt deer each Thursday night in the summer months. Here are the

hunters drawing beads on two deer caught in the glare of the spotlight held by Bruce Snow. Hunters L to R, are Vere Beckstrom, Bill Snow, and Malin Cox. Driving the truck is Rex Gardner.

Chapter 4

THE FOURTH OF JULY

Around 1930 the Forest Service constructed a good road into the canyon and there built a well-known Forest Service camp ground with tables, outdoor fireplaces, and cupboards for the convenience of campers which were growing popular at the time. Now a new tradition developed. With camp tables and a fireplace it was much more simple to plan a picnic, so the picnic became the regular celebration. When the first of these picnics was planned to committee met after sacrament meeting where they had been told they were chosen and proceeded to plan the menu and decide who was to bring what. Someone had a notebook in which they recorded the information, the notebook was kept and became the blueprint for all the picnics for many years to come. Each new committee could use it and just change a name here and there; it saved such a lot of planning. The menu at first was just the traditional beans, potato salad, pie and ice cream, but after deer were killed every week the menu gradually became standardized. It was venison steaks cooked in a bake oven, Boston baked beans, potato salad, Parker house rolls, fresh tomatoes, pie and ice cream. The deer were always killed on Wednesday so sometimes they had to be kept over a few days, in the absence of refrigeration one of the men would store it in a cellar, then hang it out at night to keep it cool. It worked out all right but the road to St. George was improved there was always someone going down and Clinton Snow had opened up his Skagg grocery store and added refrigerated lockers, so he told the men to bring one deer down to him where he

could store it. Later he asked his butchers to slice it into steaks then grind the left overs into hamburger, this went on for many years.

On the morning of the Fourth several of the men who had spent years cooking in a bake oven while on the range would make their way into the picnic area in the canyon and proceed to cook. Vere Beckstrom was specially skilled. For many years he didn't miss a year of being one of them. He would get dressed for the occasion then gather up butter, flour, salt and pepper, the bake oven and the pressure cooker and be gaily on his way. The pressure cookers were used to keep the steaks warm until dinner time. Friends and relatives, former residents, special guests came with them. Some families made it an annual family reunion. When the blessing had been asked the men with the pressure cookers would walk around the tables and let each person choose the steak he wanted. The rolls went well with the steaks, one year there were some very superior rolls, the women had to find out who made them. Lucile Johnson, young wife of the Forest Ranger, admitted she did. When the other women demanded the recipe she said she added a beaten egg to the old standard recipe. You can well believe that from that year on all the rolls were made with an egg added, they, in time, became known as Pine Valley rolls. Since it was near the first of July when the first tomatoes were ripe (imported ones were not common then) the fresh ones tasted so very good to winter starved people. Here Clinton Snow again insisted on bringing a lug and

PINE VALLEY'S FAVORITE FOURTH OF JULY SONGAMERICA PRIDE OF THE WORLD

F.E. Seldan

H.P. Danks



1-The years with their coming and going. Crown Columbia with laurels today.
 The Gold of rich harvest is shining from Maine to the Golden Gate Bay.
 Her flag is the emblem of freedom on every broad ocean and shore.
 Baptized in the blood of her heroes who died neath the colors they bore

2-The sword of a Washington freed her from foreign oppression and ban
 The wisdom of glorious statesmen perfected the work he began..
 When treason assulted her honor, she silenced his bluster and cant,
 And lived through the death of a Lincoln, and won by the sword of a Grant.

3-Shine on thou centennial morning. Our hearts are all filled with delight.
 As viewing the march of a nation, our country stands forth in her might.
 Of tyranny be the avenger wherever thy flag is unfurled.
 America home of the stranger. America pride of the world.

Handwritten musical score for the song "O'Ye Mountains High". The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The first four systems are for the main body of the song, and the fifth system is for the chorus. The music is written in G major (one sharp, F#) and 2/4 time. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures, and various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals. The chorus is marked with the word "chorus" in the first staff of the fifth system. The lyrics are written below the chorus staff.

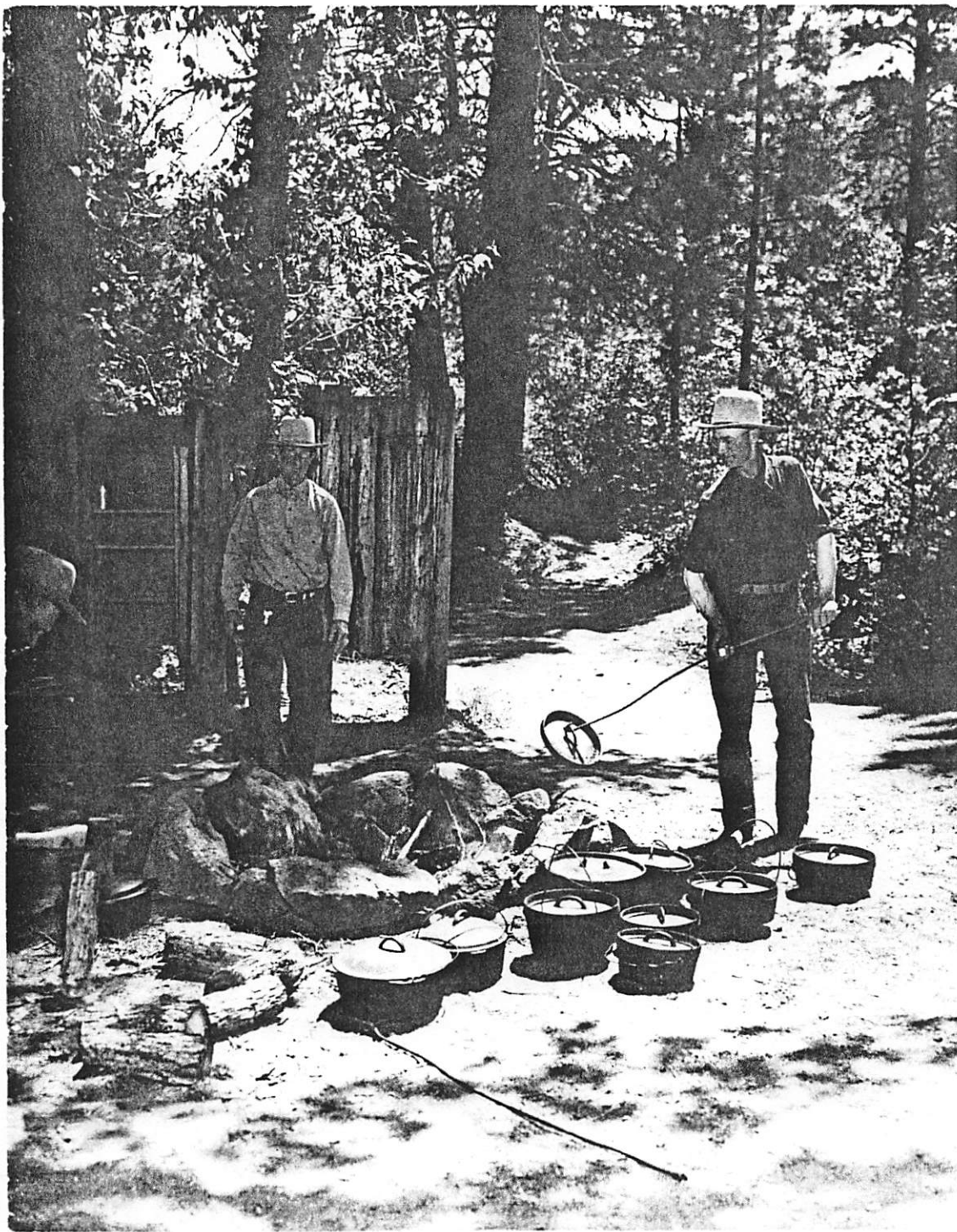
CHORUS:

America model republic with liberty's banner unfurled.
America birth place of freedom America pride of the world.

These pictures were all taken July 4th, 1948 at a celebration in the Pine Valley Canyon.



The three oldest pioneer women, each of whom have attended over 50 of the annual Fourth of July celebrations. They are Effie Snow 81, Carrie Jacobson 81, and Alice Snow 83. Effie and Alice married brothers.



While Vere Beckstrom, left, splits wood, Rex Gardner kicks up the fire, and Bruce Snow lifts the lid off from the dutch oven where venison steaks, dipped in flour, are being fried in butter to serve at the picnic.



The men gather after the picnic and discuss ranching, division of water rights, fish game situation, and the prices now being paid for beef and farm products. Left to right Rass Gardner, Malin Cox, Levi Snow, Clawson Burgess and Bruce Snow.



Four generations often show up at the same time at the Pine Valley picnics. Mrs. Alice Snow 83, was the oldest woman of the picnickers this July 4th.. Levi her son, is a prosperous cattleman and farmer, his daughter, Cherril Lloyd, flew up from Albuquerque with her eight week old son, John Snow Lloyd.



Rass Gardner and his son, Dean, both were active bishops and civic leaders in the church and valley as well as prosperous cattlemen and farmers. Alan Dean, a grandson, also grew up to be a member of a bishopric.

regardless of the price they were there. When the committee tried to pay him he acted as if they were hurting his feelings. When it came time for dessert the young folks would go over to a side table and choose the kind of pie they liked and a committee member would load it up with ice cream. As the years went by it was determined that apple and cherry pies were the favorite, so they were the only ones that appeared save now and then a pineapple one. The young people were usually finished first so acted as waiters for the older ones who were happy to be waited on.

The program from then on depended on the ambition and talent of the committee. Some years there was a patriotic program with a speech so the young people would not grow up not knowing what the Fourth was celebrated for; sometimes there were games and races for the children, all of them, winners and losers alike, received a prize, a box of cracker jacks also contributed by Clinton Snow. Sometimes skits and dramatizations were the entertainment. One best remembered was when Effie Gardner, as Little Nell, the Indian maiden, united the hero, Handsom Harry, with whom she was secretly in love, with his sweetheart, Lady Vere De Vere. As they wandered off into the sunset, she kicked the bucket and fell to the floor while the bucket rolled off the edge of the improvised stage.

The best part was when everyone relaxed and just visited with others that they had not seen for a year.

One thing that always added interest was the Levi Snow family reunion. When his wife died she left six children ranging in age from nineteen to three years old. As the girls married they scattered to far places, one to Los Angeles, another to Tucson, and one to Albuquerque, but come the Fourth of July they all came back to join with their father and the two who had settled in St. George. It was a joy to see the big red brick house which they had inherited from the grandparents come to life with lights on in the upstairs bedrooms and the back yard full of cars. The grandchildren immediately brought Old Lucy and Cad out of retirement and joyously went for horseback rides. Levi kept the horses almost purposely for their benefit as they were a bit old to still be good cow horses. The big long tables in both the kitchen and dining room were brought back into use, squabbles were avoided by allowing the grandchildren to take turns sitting next to Grandpa at the meals. When Grandpa went out to the fields to tend irrigation water he looked like Uncle Billy Possum, for a line of children spread out on each side of him and again, the children took turns being the one who held his hand. The others took hold of each other's hands.

The grandchildren all came to know each other and also the aunts and uncles as they returned year after year. They loved coming, when one of the grandsons married he brought his bride back to prove that the stories he had told her were true.